

February 21, 1917

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THE FUNERAL OF THE FIFTEENTH
DUKE OF NORFOLK.

STEAM AND PETROL IN MESOPOTAMIA.

THE END OF A U-BOAT.

BRITISH TROOPS BOMBING THEIR WAY
INTO A GERMAN TRENCH ON THE
WESTERN FRONT.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET TO THE
TRENCHES! THE HOT-SOUP MAN.

ITALIAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS ADVANC-
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BRITISH SOLDIERS PURCHASING LITTLE
LUXURIES ON THE WESTERN
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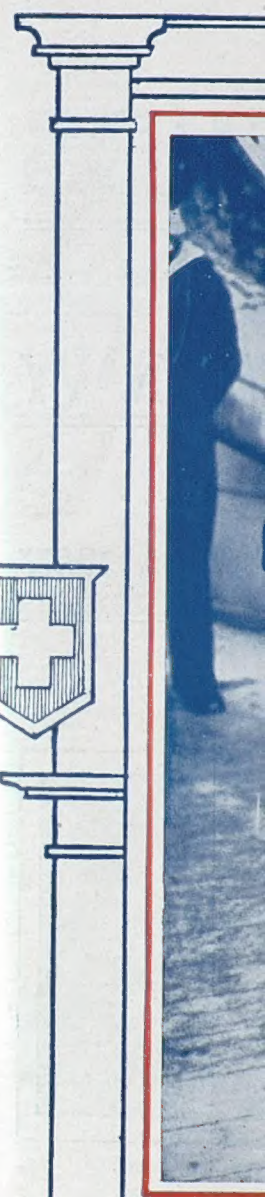
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The Illustrated War News



IN THE TRENCHES ON THE MONASTIR FRONT: A FRENCH SENTRY'S POST IN THE ADVANCED LINE.

French Official Photograph.

ONE REPORTING.

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Official Photographs.]

THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

U-BOAT DOINGS—40 FOUGHT IN 18 DAYS—ANCRE RAIDS—KUT SUCCESSES.

An expert French commentator has expressed his opinion that the present phase of the war must be considered one of meditation. In a sense it is, and though the meditation is, on occasion, so vigorous as to be indistinguishable from powerful action, it is obviously true that the whole scope of present developments is concerned more with what is going to happen in a month or two rather than what is happening now. This is to be observed in all fields—not merely in the military arenas of the West, East, South-West, and Asia, but on the sea, and even in neutral matters. On the sea it is obvious that the Germans are playing not for a dramatic climax now, but are out to whittle our carrying power down, so that the grip of starvation must be felt by us later. With the neutrals—especially with the most powerful of the neutrals, the United States—it is obvious that the period of "meditation" occupying the leaders is one that may develop—and, it seems, *is* developing—steadily towards a very powerful climax that may soon arrive to Germany's extreme disadvantage.

On the sea the period of meditation is concerned with the battle of the U-boats and our Navy; the U-boats have as their aim the thinning out our merchant fleets, so that we may be starved out—not now, for we have supplies for

fair success. We have not finished with it by any means; but, as Sir Edward Carson has made us understand, we have so far met it and fought it that the balance of success is very usefully in our favour. It is not helpful at all to be blind to the



LEADER OF THE DARING AND ADVENTUROUS MARCH OF A BRITISH COLUMN ACROSS WESTERN PERSIA FROM BUNDER ABBAS TO ISPAHAN AND TEHERAN: BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR PERCY SYKES, K.C.I.E.

When, at the close of the war, the full story of Sir Percy Sykes' thousand-miles' march can be told in detail, it may prove, hinted Lord Curzon in the House of Lords, as notable and useful an exploit as any that has been achieved.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

fact that the Germans have had a greater measure of success than they have had before; but it is only fair to balance this with the knowledge that they have made a greater effort than before. On Sir Edward Carson's figures, it seems to me that the success the enemy has attained is small in comparison to their effort, and it is small when compared with Germany's jubilation. This jubilation is consciously and consistently extravagant. In one item alone, for instance, we can gauge its true value. This is the German declaration that they have not lost one submarine in the new campaign. This is proved untrue with ridiculous ease. Quite apart from anything else that may have happened to the forty submarines attacked by our ships in eighteen days, we have captured at least one crew of a damaged German submarine, and the boat was sunk. Sir E. Carson tells us there have been 6076 arrivals and 5873 departures at our ports during the time when our



THE HERO AND HELMET OF THE HOUR: "THE TIN HAT," A FINE BUST IN BRONZE AT EPSTEIN'S EXHIBITION, AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.—[Photograph by C.N.]

some months, but later, when supplies have dwindled and we must renew them. It can be justly said that we are meeting this menace with

seas were "swept clean." We fully planned, and dangerous intention under the sea, Germany developed the winning hand yet all see that the situation is grave by no means as grave for us. And the indications are very against its affecting the land. We hope it will in any way in

It may, indeed, affect the way uncomfortable to Germany—that is, it will affect the neutrals more than it will affect us, and through the neutrals, both directly and indirectly, Germany will suffer. It is more than possible that Germany's 'unrestricted' action has simplified our task in the matter of the new Order for blockade.

Germany, with her usual ingenuity, has opened several free lanes of sea communication through the neutrals—lanes, it can be easily seen, that not only served these neutrals but also served Germany through them. The new British Order aims to close these lanes effectively, not against the neutrals, but against Germany. It ordains that vessels sailing to and from countries having access to enemy countries must put into British ports (in spite of Germany's declaration that our ports are blockaded or else run the risk of capture or Prize proceedings. This is our blockade, and though it is in no wise departs from our



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seas were "swept clean." Well considered, carefully planned, and dangerous as is Germany's intention under the sea, Germany has not developed the winning hand yet. Again, we must all see that the situation is grave enough, but it is by no means as grave for us as Germany thinks. And the indications are very determinedly set against its affecting the land war (as the Germans hope it will) in any way in the future.

It may, indeed, affect the war as a whole in a way uncomfortable to Germany—that is, it will affect the neutrals more than it will affect us, and through the neutrals, both directly and indirectly, Germany will suffer. It is more than possible that Germany's 'unrestricted' action has simplified our task in the matter of the new Order for blockade.

Germany, with her usual ingenuousness, permitted several free lanes of sea commerce for the use of neutrals—lanes, it can be easily understood, which not only served these neutrals, but would also serve Germany through them. The new British Order aims to close these lanes effectually, not against the neutrals, but against Germany. It ordains that vessels sailing to and from countries having access to enemy countries must put into British ports (in spite of Germany's declaration that our ports are blockaded) for examination, or else run the risk of capture for examination or Prize proceedings. This is a tightening up of our blockade, and though it is a firm measure, it in no wise departs from our usual rule. Its

stringency results from Germany's lawlessness on the seas, and, it might be said, has been made reasonable by Germany's lawlessness. Obviously, if Germany is to dictate, we must protect ourselves by a like insistence. The Order should prevent much leakage into enemy countries.

This is obviously one way in which Germany's "unrestricted warfare" has hit back. An even more practical disadvantage seems to be coming from America. America is quiet, but it can be

seen that she is working to be ready for any break. Congress has already given President Wilson authority to employ armed force; measures have been passed to deal with spies and any other internal enemies; and an atmosphere of readiness is everywhere apparent. The tension is not so obvious, but it is making

itself felt in the States all the same, and at any time now the critical moment may arrive. Germany expects it, but certainly will not relish it when it comes.

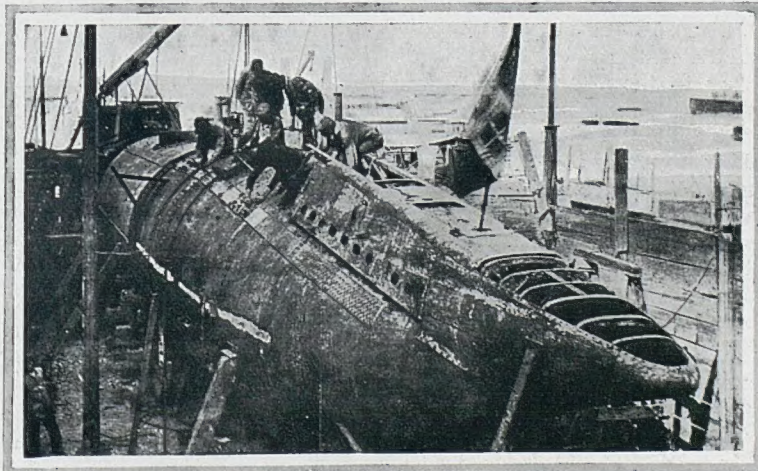
On the Western front there has been the same steady occurrence of movement observable in the past few weeks. This has been, again, nearly all to the credit of the Allies, for the attack in the Champagne—which had the look, at first, of a big attempt launched with big intention—wilted and

died under the admirable counter-fire of the French. As a *quid pro quo*, the British did some admirable work on both sides of the Ancre. They drove the Germans out of excellent and highly useful works before Miraumont and Petit



ONE OF GUYNEMER'S LATEST SUCCESSES: WRECKAGE OF A GERMAN AEROPLANE BROUGHT DOWN BY FRANCE'S "STAR" AIRMAN.

Although the latest return of Guynemer's aerial successes has not yet been officially made public, it is stated that he has upwards of thirty enemy craft to his credit.—[Photograph by C.N.]



THE U-BOAT PIRATES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A RECENT ITALIAN CAPTURE, "U.C. 12," TAKEN FROM THE AUSTRIANS, BEING REFITTED FOR THE ITALIAN SERVICE.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Miraumont, taking a mile and a half of trenches to a depth of 1000 yards. A mile south-west of this gain, another successful invasion of German ground was made at Baillescourt Farm, where another thousand yards of line were captured.



FOR COUNTERACTING THE GAS THEY THEMSELVES INTRODUCED IN THE WAR: THE NEWEST PATTERN OF GERMAN GAS-MASK.—[From a German Paper.]

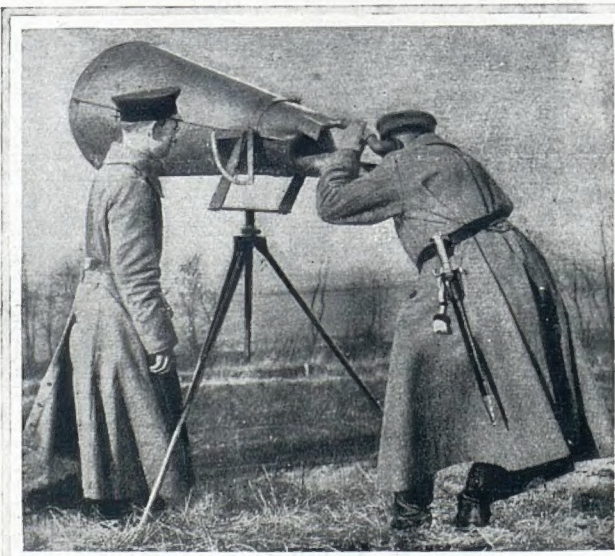
The Germans, on their side, have been able to drive a way into a small salient at Le Transloy, and apparently keep the ground they won; however, some excellent raiding all along the fronts from Ypres downward more than balances this small success, and the one small episode is but a very little way to the attainment of German initiative on this front. In passing, it might be said that the Germans themselves are looking forward to "the bitterest phase of the war" here; and there are many signs that they intend to fight with great fierceness and power against us. They realise, as all realise now, that the crucial battle will be fought in this Western zone, and will be fought this year. They are accumulating all their energies—but only because we have accumulated ours. The French have been active in gunnery work and raiding, and have had successes, particularly in Alsace.

There has been a general sense of movement along the Eastern line also. On the Dvinsk front the Germans have attempted movement once more, since their failure on the Aa cannot have been palatable. The attempt on this occasion proved a failure too. There appears to be a good deal of gunnery work going on at different parts of this front—where weather and ground conditions are said to be growing more

favourable—and in the Podhaice sector (south-west of Tarnopol) there has been infantry action, the Germans attacking, to be driven back. On the Roumanian front there also seems to be a growing movement, which on the whole favours the Allies. The Russians, for instance, have been able to attack with success and capture a position of good strategic value near Ocna, between the Gyimes and Oitoz Passes; while along the Sereth there is a good deal of activity, with several indeterminate engagements resulting. In Macedonia there are reports of movement, both on the part of the British at Lake Doiran and on the part of the French and Italians. There is, however, nothing very definite to be said here, the fighting probably being mainly the result of patrol and reconnaissance work.

The advance at Kut is favourable, but it is having its difficulties. General Maude was able to clear the Dahra Bend of the Tigris to such good purpose that the Turks gave in with something of a panic, and surrendered by thousands. At the same time, the old nut which defied us before—the strong Sanna-i-Yat position east of Kut—has again proved obdurate, though we made ground in our attack on this point. Still, our work done here is having its reflex, for already there are reports that the Turks are growing anxious about Bagdad, and are lamenting the divisions they sent to Europe to aid their friends. In the Sinai Desert our forces have again been at work, and have cleared the Turks from two posts they had re-established between Suez and Akaba. Both affairs were as bloodless as they were successful; we captured those of the enemy who did not run, a field-gun, and some booty. They were small affairs, but the accumulation of them will, in time, place us in a big position for winning big things. We are meditating most powerfully.

LONDON: FEB. 24, 1917.



FOR DETECTING THE DISTANT APPROACH OF INVISIBLE AIRCRAFT: THE MEGAPHONE-LIKE LISTENING EAR-TRUMPET APPARATUS IN USE BY GERMAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT DETACHMENTS.

From a German Paper.



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ON: FEB. 24, 1917.



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Winter Days in the British Lines on the Somme.



WORK AND LEISURE: CARRYING "BATH MATS" FOR PAVING TRENCHES; A BIG GUN'S TEAM.

Trench-making or mending, or the re-making of captured trenches taken from the enemy, goes on incessantly along the front in the battle area. At this time of year, when the ground is sodden with slush and snow everywhere wherever work of that kind is in hand, attention has to be paid to keeping the feet of the men occupying the trenches as clear of the wet as possible. That results in a

continuous run on the reserve store depots, where the wooden plank-lengths used for trench "pavements" are kept. A fatigue party crossing the ice with a load of these "bath mats" is seen in the upper illustration. In the lower illustration is shown a party of British artillerymen off duty round their chalk-labelled gun, with three French comrades seated.—[Official Photographs.]



The Grip of Winter on the Western front



WAITING FOR DRINKING-TROUGHS TO BE CLEARED

While, on the one hand, the severe weather at the front has temporarily stayed offensive operations—or, at least, forward movements—on any large scale, it has added appreciably to the everyday routine tasks of the camps. By converting water everywhere into solid ice, the continued hard frosts have given much extra work, in particular, at the watering stations—both those



OF ICE: HORSES AT A WATERING STATION

where the men's drinking-water storage-tanks are located. One of these stations is here with a number of horses waiting for the d

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OF ICE: HORSES AT A WATERING STATION.

where the men's drinking-water storage-tanks are, and also at the open-air places for watering the horses of the transport, artillery and cavalry. One of these stations by the roadside near a camp, as it appeared one winter morning recently, is shown here with a number of horses waiting for the drinking-trough to be cleared of ice, and the inflow ducts thawed.—[Official Photograph.]

Cutting Timber for War Purposes in Surrey.

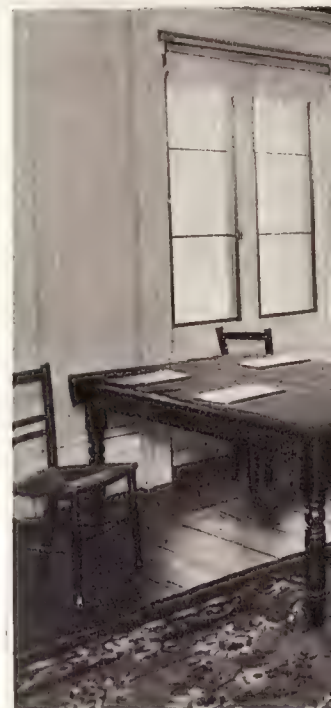


THE CANADIAN FORESTERS' BATTALION AT WORK: A TREE FALLING; PLYING SAW AND ADZE.

The Canadian Foresters' Battalion, recruited from the lumbermen of the forests of British Columbia and the Canadian North-Western territories, are in evidence just now in various parts of Great Britain, through their handiwork with their felling-axes. Their labours are incessant. As fast as they clear one area, they are on the move to another district. Here we see some of them at

work among the familiar pinewoods of the Home Counties, in a corner of Surrey. In the upper illustration a well-grown fir or pine is seen coming down just after the fellers have stood clear. In the lower, men are at work, chopping a cleft in the trunk on the side the tree is to fall, and sawing through the trunk on the other.—[Photos. by S. and G.]

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IN THE GIFT HOUSE

The unfailing thoughtfulness and shown by their Majesties the King always with that personal touch which value. An instance of this is shown King has lent one of his houses Palace for the use of the nurses of

Royal Thought for the Wounded and their Nurses.



IN THE GIFT HOUSE AT THE ROYAL MEWS; AND THE CORY WARD AT HAMPTON COURT.

The unfailing thoughtfulness and consideration for the wounded shown by their Majesties the King and Queen have been instinct always with that personal touch which adds immeasurably to their value. An instance of this is shown in our photographs. The King has lent one of his houses belonging to Hampton Court Palace for the use of the nurses of the adjacent Military Auxiliary

Hospital, and our photograph shows the nurses' sitting-room, where they rest when off duty. Our second photograph shows the Cory Ward at the Hospital, which was formerly the Hampton Court Hotel. Their Majesties are untiring in their zeal for knowing all the various efforts made on behalf of the wounded, and for assisting them where possible.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: HAND-GRENADES.

AMONGST the numerous types of weapon used in the present war the hand-grenade holds a special position as being one of the old devices reintroduced after a period of disuse. Its name "grenade" is said to have been derived from its resemblance to the "Punic apple," or pomegranate, which

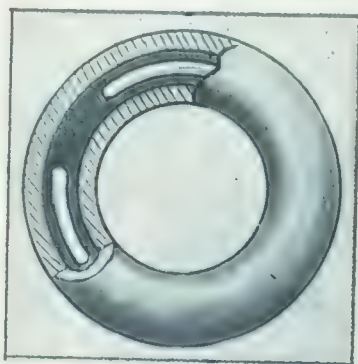


FIG. 18.—"RING BOMB" OR GRENADE—NINETEENTH CENTURY (AFTER "LA NATURE").

The diameter was five inches. Inside was a circular glass tube surrounded by an explosive substance. The glass, when broken by the shock of impact, freed a liquid which ignited the explosive.

is, as everybody knows, a spherical fruit containing within its rind a vast number of seeds. Baked earthenware vessels containing quicklime (Fig. 1), poisonous juices, putrefying animal matter, and similar noxious substances, were apparently the earliest sort of hand-grenades, as employed in war among

the ancients. We hear of explosive hand-grenades for the first time at the siege of St. Bonifacio in 1421, and afterwards again at the siege of Arles in 1536. Fire-balls (Fig. 6) and a "fiery wheel" (Fig. 7) designed to adhere to the clothing on contact were made in the sixteenth century. An interesting description of these "fiery wheels" by Nathaniel Nye, the "Master Gunner of the City of Worcester," ends with this expression of opinion as to their efficacy: "Their falling upon any man he cannot choose but be much astonished with such a fearful element and put his company in great disorder." It would appear that these pyrotechnic wheels and garlands were devised at this period to take the place of the bomb on occasion: "because every souldier would not meddle with hand grenadoes, the use of them being somewhat dangerous." Vessels of glass or earthenware (Fig. 8) containing $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of powder are of sixteenth-century design. Several sixteenth-century hand-grenades of a coarse glass, almost slag, from Rhodes, may be seen in the Rotunda Museum at Woolwich. They hold from $3\frac{1}{4}$ oz. to $7\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of powder, and are about 3.6 in. in diameter. Six are of a red glass, two of light-green, four a dark-green. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 show various incendiary devices intended to be thrown by means of cord slings after being ignited. Hand-grenades are still thrown by means of the sling (see *Illustrated War News*, Dec. 9, 1914). The earliest historical notice of the sling dates about B.C. 1406 (see Judges, xx., 16). Fig. 5

illustrates a staff sling for propelling a similar grenade missile.

In Fig. 12 we see a part section of a "percussion" or "blind" grenade, as it was then called. The device was provided with a friction firing tube holding a leaden ball attached to the firing plug. Sprigs of box-leaves formed a tail, designed so as to cause the grenade to travel and fall in such a position that, on its motion being arrested suddenly, the momentum of the leaden ball carried the ball along the tube. That caused it to explode the bomb by pulling the firing plug to which it was attached.

Another "blind" bomb (Fig. 10) was provided with a firing device consisting of a perforated metal tube (Fig. 10-a), rough on its inner surface, which passed through the centre of the sphere and was attached to it. A sliding rod (Fig. 10-b), the upper end of which was situated within the tube, carried a pair of flint igniters (Fig. 10-c) having their lower ends secured to a circular foot (as in Fig. 10). Sling loops opposite the foot acted as a tail, and the weapon was exploded by sparks struck between the flints and the tube when the foot came into contact with the ground or target. A "stationary" bomb, or portable mine, is seen at Fig. 11. It consisted of a hollow metal sphere containing a bursting charge fired by a slow match. The match passed through a perforated tube provided for the purpose.

The forerunner of the rifle-grenade of to-day was, in the seventeenth century, fired by means of a grenade cup (Figs. 16 and 17). In that manner spherical grenades were propelled from muskets. Louis XIV. of France was the first European Sovereign to enrol grenade-throwers, or grenadiers, as a distinct unit in his army. A number of picked men of tall stature and stalwart physique were specially trained in the service and attached by companies to infantry regiments in 1667.

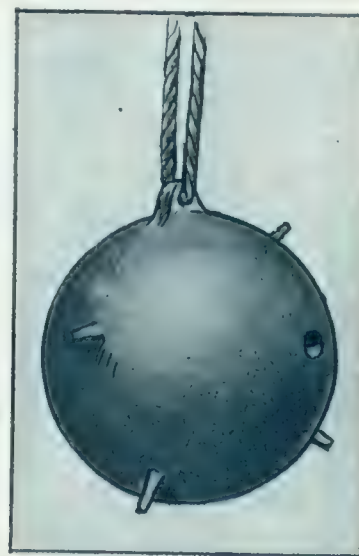


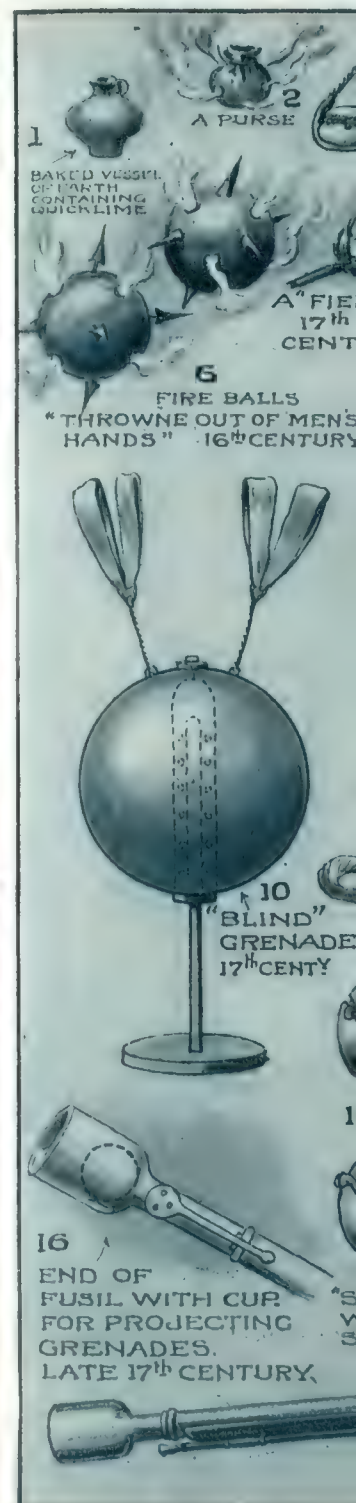
FIG. 19.—THE ORSINI GRENADE—NINETEENTH CENTURY (AFTER "LA NATURE").

The sphere of brittle iron was two inches in diameter, and filled with explosive. The hollow nipples studding the missile bore percussion-caps.

[Continued opposite.]



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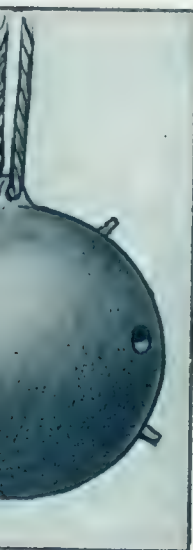
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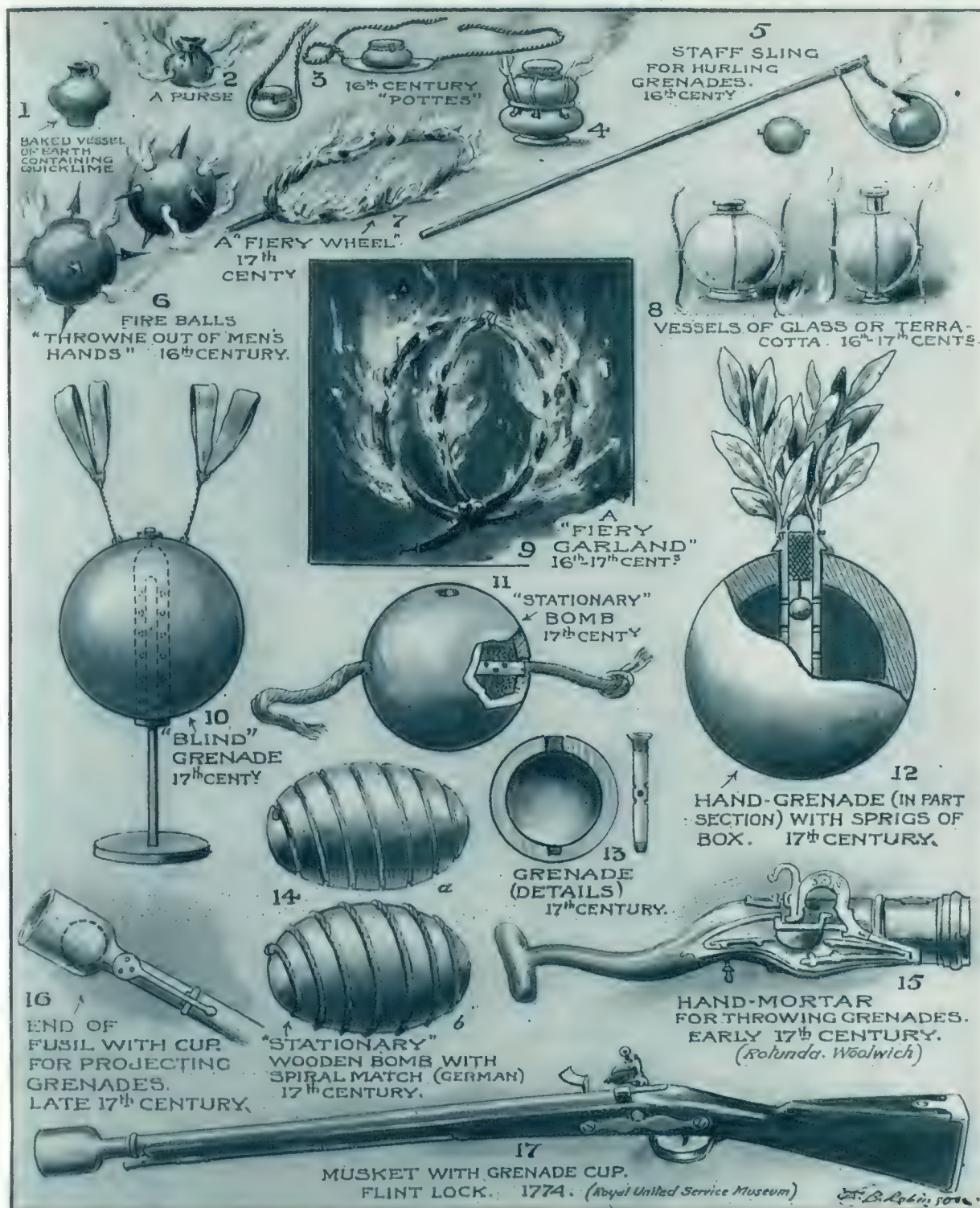
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The Beginnings of War Machines: Hand-Grenades.



FORERUNNERS OF THE "GREAT WAR" HAND-GRENADE: FORMER-DAY TYPES OF EXPLOSIVE MISSILES.

(Continued.)

The British Army adopted the same course eleven years later. It was not until 1815 that the Grenadier Guards were so styled, and that for an exceptional reason. At one time, also, a troop of Horse Grenadiers was attached to each of the original troops of the Life Guards. Hand-grenades (Figs. 18 and 19) were used by both sides in Paris in the insurrection of the Commune. It may

be added in conclusion, that grenades and bombs were thrown in various ways: the smaller types by hand, sling, or musket; the larger by means of trench-mortars, such as the Cohorn of 1690. These methods are used to some extent to-day. The Orsini grenade (Fig. 19) was an assassination bomb of the pattern employed by Orsini, the would-be assassin of Napoleon III. in Paris in 1858.

The Searchlight in Trench-Warfare.



SEARCHLIGHTS ON THE MARNE FRONT: FIXING A *PROJECTEUR*, AND A LESSON IN WORKING IT.

Searchlights are now a familiar feature of warfare both on land and sea. On board war-ships, of course, and in coast defences, they are used constantly. In land campaigns they are often mounted on motor-cars. Many people know them well in connection with Zeppelin raids—that is, they are accustomed to the appearance of the great shafts of light that sweep across the sky,

though ignorant, as a rule, of the mechanism by which the light is produced. Our illustrations show a searchlight apparatus, or *projecteur*, as the French call it, as used in the trenches on the Marne front. In the upper photograph preparations for fixing it are seen; while in the lower a group of men are being instructed in the working of the machine.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

Aerial Photo



EFFICIENCY IN THE FRENCH

The marvellous results obtained by photographers in mapping enemy positions have been deemed little short of miraculous. In the French aviation camp, Mr. Laurence carries special cameras. The photographs of trenches are reproduced on

Feb. 28, 1917

Aerial Photography in War: An Airman's Camera.



EFFICIENCY IN THE FRENCH ARMY: APPARATUS FOR TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AEROPLANES.

The marvellous results obtained by the French Army's flying photographers in mapping enemy positions would, a few years ago, have been deemed little short of miraculous. After visiting a French aviation camp, Mr. Laurence Jerrold writes: "The aviator carries special cameras. The photographs are developed and the lines of trenches are reproduced on a map. The map is printed

by hand to the requisite number of copies by a delightfully smart process. Copies of the map reach each commanding officer concerned. The perfection which has been attained in the taking of photographs, the reading of them, the reproduction and the printing off by hand of the maps, surpasses anything which could be imagined. . . . It is one great, perfect machine."

IN WORKING IT.

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Official Photographs.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XXXVIII.—THE 56TH.

A RECRUIT FROM THE NAVY.

AFTER the peace of 1815, a naval surgeon's mate found himself at a very loose end in London. He had just been discharged from seven years' imprisonment at Verdun, and was dancing attendance at Somerset House in order to recover his arrears of pay. This occupied him for three weeks, and until he received his money he took part in many merry escapades in town.

The London of that period was a roaring, racketting, hearty, and not altogether unkindly place for discharged prisoners, who swarmed about town. Our surgeon's mate, whose name was Roberts, went one evening into the Blue Posts Tavern, and, being penniless, threw himself upon the generosity of the landlord. That worthy did not respond genially, but several gay young men, who heard Roberts's story and the landlord's rebuff, took the sailor under their wing, lent him money, invited him to make a night of it with them, abused the host, and declared that they would leave the inn with their protégé immediately after breakfast on the following morning. This they did, and the party cruised about London enjoying the giddiest of times. Roberts's adventures, he declared long afterwards, were indescribable. The loss is ours.

At last Somerset House moved, and Roberts received his cash, with which he hastened down to his native Cheshire, only to learn that his near

relations were dead or estranged. His rascally brother-in-law borrowed Roberts's little fortune, and then failed. Almost penniless, the poor surgeon's mate returned to London and applied to the Admiralty for employment. But all he got was disappointment, and one day, in a fit of temper, he played the fool before the Board. Refused a post once more, he grew theatrical, tore up his commission, stamped upon it, and

spoke bitter words about refusing to apply again to an ungrateful country. The Board was not impressed. Roberts passed out into the street a ruined man.

For a time he was in despair, but he reflected that there was always the Army. A tempting placard held out hopes for smart young men in the 56th Regiment. It offered a large douceur in addition to the usual bounty. Roberts therefore made his way to the Roebuck in Red Lion Street, where smart young men could take the King's shilling.

As he went along, someone seized Roberts by the arm. It was one of his former racketty acquaint-

ances, lately a subaltern in a foot regiment, but now somewhat out at elbows and down to his last half-crown. He had been cashiered for debt and neglect of duty; he was ready for anything. He thought enlistment would suit him too.

Together they went to the Roebuck, where the landlord, who acted as recruiting officer, refused



AS WAS DONE IN THE WAR DAYS OF THE GRAND MONARQUE AND NAPOLEON: THE OFFICIAL COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL RECENTLY STRUCK FOR THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE YSER.

Obverse—Wreathed Medallion portraits of General Foch and Admiral Ronarch. Reverse—The Spirit of France defying the Invader.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AS WAS DONE IN THE WAR DAYS OF THE GRAND MONARQUE AND NAPOLEON: THE OFFICIAL COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL RECENTLY STRUCK FOR THE VICTORY OF THE MARNE.

Obverse—Profile heads of Marshal Joffre and Generals Pétain and Gallieni. Reverse—The Spirit of France leading the Soldiers to Victory.—[Photograph by Topical.]



On the We



THE DAILY ROUND: GUNN

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On the Western front before the february Thaw.



THE DAILY ROUND: GUNNERS SHELL-CARRYING IN THE SNOW; SEARCHING FOR WATER-HOLES.

The apparently permanent break-up of the frost which throughout January and a great part of February held the Western Front with a grip of iron, if in some ways it adds temporarily to the difficulties of movement for large bodies of troops, will, at the same time, relieve the men at the camps of a number of extra fatigue duties. Owing to the deep snow also, a great deal of

labour fell on the men that ordinarily might have been managed by other means. The upper illustration shows gunners at work in the snow carrying shells on their shoulders between the magazines and ammunition-dumps and the batteries. The lower shows a sapper, R.E., searching for water holes in the ice in a stream running under a light railway road-culvert.—[Official Photograph]

to believe they were in earnest, for they still looked a cut above the average candidate for the ranks. But at length, persuaded that the two unfortunates meant business, he gave them the shilling, hastily examined their legs and arms, and, believing them to be gentlemen, left them free to go and come as they chose. They went



DIPPING FOR WATER FOR A WASH AT A HOLE IN THE ICE: WINTER WAR-DOMESTICITIES NEAR A CAMP ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]

out for a walk, and returned faithfully; but here the ex-subaltern's heart failed him. He left the Roebuck, saying he would come back in an instant, and was seen no more. London had engulfed another broken recruit in oblivion.

But Roberts was of better stuff. He waited to be drafted to Tilbury, where he found the drill severe, though not altogether intolerable. He was glad, however, to be transferred to the Isle of Wight, where life went more easily. He had not been there two months when he was ordered, with twenty-five other men of the 56th, to proceed to New South Wales as guard on board a convict-ship.

The convicts numbered 229, some of them desperate ruffians; yet the captain, with strange carelessness, gave them the freedom of the deck at all hours. The guard's quarters were so cramped that they had to take all their meals on deck, and were armed only with cutlasses, their firelocks and bayonets being left below in charge of a sentry. Sailors and soldiers messed together, and at meal-times the convicts had the whole of the 'tween-decks to themselves, without supervision.

One morning, at breakfast time, the convicts were enjoying this freedom. One of them, called Murphy, a tall, stout man, was shaving his companions whose turn it was to receive that attention. Murphy was the recognised barber, and every morning had a case of razors served out to him. These he returned

after use. That morning the guard noticed, but without any suspicion, that several times Murphy put his head down the companion scuttle and shouted, "Go to your work, boys; I am at mine."

Suddenly a convict called Malone, who for his good conduct had been appointed constable, sprang up the companion ladder and pushed past the sentry who was posted at the cabin door. Into the cabin he rushed, closing the door behind him. The next moment out leaped the captain, the surgeon, and the officer in command of the detachment of the 56th.

The order came short and sharp: "Guard, stand to your arms! Turn the convicts down!"

The men of the 56th sprang to arms and secured the convicts. Murphy flung down his razor and exclaimed, in a tone of disappointed rage, "It's all over."

Laxity had bred its own results. That morning Murphy intended to head a mutiny, for which the plans had been carefully prepared. But an under-constable had got wind of the affair, and came to Malone, the chief constable, not a moment too soon. They were to overpower the sentry below, seize the muskets, come upon the guard while they were at breakfast, tie the soldiers two and two together, heave them overboard, murder the officers, and then steer for South America.

Poor Roberts saw a good deal of foreign service, none of it active, and came home invalided in

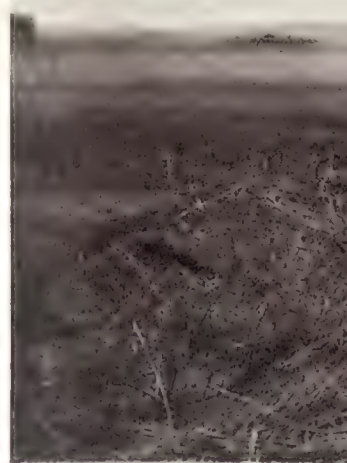


SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL WINTER PASTIME ON THE WESTERN FRONT: OFFICERS CURLING ON A FROZEN CANAL WITH ICE-BLOCKS FOR STONES.—[Official Photograph.]

1821. Knowing his uncertain temper, he had always refused promotion, and on his discharge in 1825 he had no prospects. But Chelsea opened her doors to his old age, and until his death he lived there in great contentment.



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CAMPAIGNERS: "K.A.R." M.

The first and third photographs have the celebrated "K.A.R.," or King's A.I. initials, whose skilfulness and adaptability on many occasions brought about decisive German "opposite numbers," the A.I. officered regular regiments, of the ener-

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THE WESTERN FRONT:
WITH ICE-BLOCKS FOR
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On One of the fronts in East Africa.



CAMPAIGNERS: "K.A.R." MANNING A TRENCH; NAVAL GUN WITH OX-TEAM; "K.A.R." MARCHING.

The first and third photographs have to do with a battalion of the celebrated "K.A.R.," or King's African Rifles, to fill out the initials, whose skilfulness and adaptability in bush fighting have on many occasions brought about discomfiture to the best of their German "opposite numbers," the Askaris, or native German-officered regular regiments, of the enemy. The K.A.R. recruit in

Uganda and all over the British East Africa Protectorate and the Southern Soudan. Before the war, the battalions garrisoned the country as civil guard under the Foreign Office, with British officers seconded from the Army at large on special service, as company and battalion leaders. One of the long-range guns used by the Naval Brigade is seen in the second photograph.

french Waterways Used in the War—Ice Clearance.



WINTER RIVER WORK: SHATTERING A FLOE WITH DYNAMITE, TO CLEAR THE BROKEN-UP FLOE.

After the war, it may be, somebody may write a book about the uses to which the great rivers of Northern France, and the canal waterways between the Seine and the Belgian frontier, have been put in connection with the military operations. Such a volume should not be the least interesting in the ever-growing Great War library. The rivers and canals have proved invaluable arteries of communi-

cation, and during the late severe frost their being blocked at places by floe ice has necessitated the taking of drastic measures to keep them clear for traffic. In the upper illustration an ice-barrier on the Seine is shown being shattered by means of dynamite cartridges. In the lower, men are seen preparing to clear loose ice after a dynamite explosion.—[Photos, by Topical.]

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AFTER A DYNAMITE EX

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Feb. 28, 1917

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—[Photos. by Topical.]

Feb. 28, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 38
New Series]—19

French Waterways Used in the War—Ice Clearance.



AFTER A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION: DISINTEGRATING A LOOSENED FLOE; SAWING A SHEET IN TWO.

For the breaking up of the ice-pack on the Seine, which jammed and became frozen into solid floes right across the stream from bank to bank at bends of the river, and where the current flowed slowly, regular gangs of men had to be employed. In places, the congested mass of ice was too thick for clearance by ordinary means short of the employment of a Russian Baltic port steam

ice-breaker, and dynamite cartridges were had recourse to. The explosions loosened and detached wide sheets of ice, and the men were turned on to the disintegration of these with ice-saws and poles; finally sending them adrift—downstream, or pushing them alongside the bank, and grounding them on shelving shallows clear of the traffic fairway.—[Photos. by Topical.]



Military Ceremonial in the Theatre of War H french Decoration



HONOURING THE BRAVE NEAR THE FIELD OF BATTLE: GENERAL MAZILIER PASSING THE LINES AT A REVIEW HELD

Recognition of merit is as much valued by the soldier as it is in other professions, and the prompt reward of valour and distinguished service, by a public bestowal of decorations before the assembled troops, tends greatly to increase their *esprit de corps*. The French military authorities wisely arrange to hold ceremonies of this kind from time to time near the rear of the actual

battlefield. That here illustrated took place during the lively artillery actions between the Oise and the Aisne we carried out a *coup de main*.

theatre of War A French Decoration Parade on the Oise front.

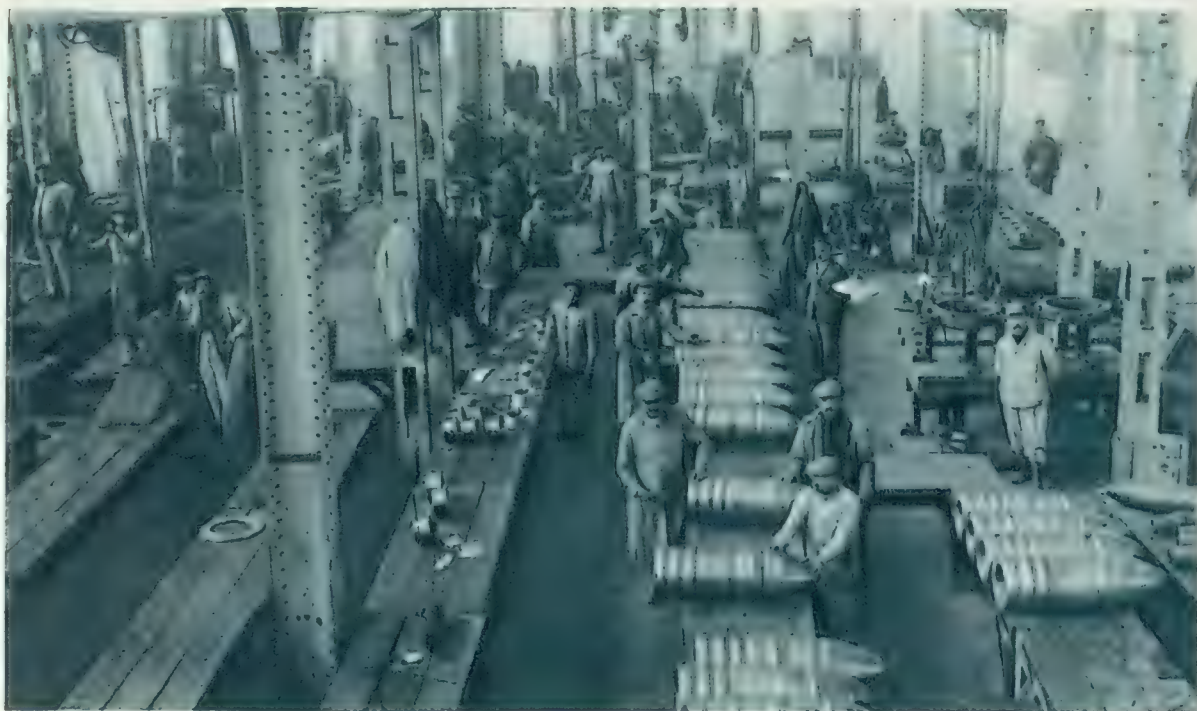


GENERAL MAZILIER PASSING THE LINES AT A REVIEW HELD ON THE OISE FRONT FOR BESTOWING DECORATIONS.

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me near the rear of the actual

battlefield. That here illustrated took place recently on the Oise front. A French communiqué of the 20th mentioned "somewhat lively artillery actions between the Oise and the Aisne." A few days earlier it was announced that "between the Oise and the Aisne we carried out a *coup de main* on the enemy trenches in the Puisaleine district."—[French Official Photograph.]

french Shells Used Alike on Land and Sea.



IN TOULON ARSENAL : FINISHED PROJECTILES AFTER "PASSING THE DOCTOR" ; THE NECESSARY WASH.

In the upper illustration, a batch of big-gun shells, of a size used both on board ship in the French Navy and by French heavy batteries in action on the Somme front and elsewhere, as the Germans know, is shown going through the final workshop examination at Toulon Arsenal. Each shell is separately inspected for possible defects or flaws, either in make or metal, with sound tests,

much as railway carriage-wheels are tested, and by means of special instruments. The scrutiny is as careful as that a life-policy applicant undergoes. Another detail of the thoroughness of arsenal methods is seen in the second illustration showing shells being washed to remove every speck of grit—both inside in the cavity for the explosive, and outside.—[French Official Photographs.]

fren



IN TOULON ARSENAL :

Before being sent out, shells are stamped with the arsenal mark and date of completion. The inquiry in connection with the shells is made to the issuing establishment. These are "75" shells being stamped at Toulon Arsenal before shipment.

French Shells Used Alike on Land and Sea.



IN TOULON ARSENAL: STAMPING PROJECTILES FOR "75'S" INTENDED FOR SALONIKA; VARNISHING.

Before being sent out, shells are stamped with the manufacturing arsenal mark and date of completion. Thus, in case of official inquiry in connection with them, their "record" can be traced to the issuing establishment. Those seen in the upper illustration are "75" shells being stamped by women munition-workers at Toulon Arsenal before shipment to Salonika. In the second illus-

tration, shells are being varnished, treatment they undergo both inside, in the explosive chamber, and outside. Interior varnishing prevents dangerous friction being set up in transporting loaded shells. A workman varnishing the interior with a cloth at the end of a rod is seen in the left foreground. One varnishing the exterior is seen to the right centre.—[French Official Photographs.]

NECESSARY WASH.

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On the Belgian Western front: The Seashore Training Ground



WHERE THE BELGIAN INFANTRY PRACTISE DAILY: A SQUAD UNDERGOING

At its western end, the Belgian Front—which extends from near Ypres as its eastern extremity—comes right down to the sea-coast, close to the French frontier, a few miles north of Dunkirk. As elsewhere, the Belgian front line, at the place where it comes down to the sea-shore, is entrenched and fortified with a wide barrier-belt of barbed-wire entanglements. The beach-

INSTRUCTION IN FIRING RIFLE-GRENADES

end of the wire protection is seen to the entire range of sand-dunes along the sea, make use of the open expanse of dry

t: The Seashore Training Ground of Belgian Recruits.



DAILY: A SQUAD UNDERGOING

ity—comes right down to the sea-
front line, at the place where it
d-wire entanglements. The beach-

INSTRUCTION IN FIRING RIFLE-GRENADES ACROSS THE SAND-DUNES.

end of the wire protection is seen to the right in the photograph, which shows recruits at practice with rifle-grenades. The entire range of sand-dunes along the sea, in rear of the wire entanglements, is daily a scene of busy activity for the Belgians, who make use of the open expanse of dry sand-hills as an exercising and training ground for recruits.—[French Official Photograph.]

FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XXIX.—“FLO!”

BEN was doing his luridest to show how he and Douglas Haig were winning the war in the West, but it was recognised that, as a thriller, he wasn't clicking. This was not altogether his fault. Not all regiments have taken Thiepval and Comblès on the same day, or helped the Tanks, or bagged a thousand prisoners. Ben's regiment had done good work, but it had been dull. Also, anything in the thrill line Ben had by him had previously been outshone by the visit of Ginger Grainger on leave. Ginger Grainger does not figure here save as a wet blanket gone before. Ginger had, by undeniable pluck, won the M.C. He had also been in the thick of it. He could also talk. Ben, who had none of these things to his credit, fell a trifle flat after Ginger.

be prompted. A dull supper it was. All the other boys and girls talking as much as Ben about the war—whereas, of course, Ben was the only one who should have talked about the war.

A thin girl said she 'ad 'er young man in the Sessex. Bin out there some time. Sometimes she didn't 'ear from 'im for weeks, but they were to be married as soon as the war was over, if it 'd ever be over. A stock-size girl explained she 'ad three blokes out there, but she wasn't going to tie herself up yet; catch 'er; she wanted to see how things would go. A girl—just a girl—said she had heard from her husband that the war would be over soon. Her husband had it on the very finest authority. It was like this . . .

Ben butted in stolidly.



AXEMEN FROM BEYOND SEAS IN ENGLAND: ENROLLED AND UNIFORMED CANADIAN LUMBERMEN WHO ARE CLEARING TIMBER AT VIRGINIA WATER.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

It was vexing, not so much to Ben, but to Ben's family. Ben's family had issued invitations to a galaxy of friends, acquaintances, and other persons of renown, to come to supper to meet "Ben—hero." Ben was a sort of family star. He should have shone, and he did not. This was galling. It is the duty of heroes back from the front to provide sensations and excitements. In the district where Ben lived it gave social *éclat*. Ben wasn't *éclating*. He could only prose on about the food they had, and the mud they waded through, and the noise of the gunnery, which was "fierce," and the presence of unfriendly insects in the camps of the brave. Very dull was Ben.

Ben's mother and Ben's sisters sighed. For the benefit of the company they tried to prompt his slow mind to memories of thrill. Ben wasn't to

"The Sessex, someone said. We took over the Sessex trenches a day or so before I come 'ome on leaf."

"A short feller, my feller," said the thin girl brightly. "Bit bandy in puttees. Fair 'air 'e 'as. Did you see 'im?"

"Couldn't see nuthin'," admitted Ben. "Dark when we took over, you see. An' muddy. But I remember them trenches"—Ben looked carefully at the thin girl—" 'ad a bad time, the Sessex 'ad, I reckon."

"In 'is laist letter 'e said they 'ad been shelled crool. Everythin' mucked up . . ."

"Shore," agreed Ben. "The work we 'ad getting straight, my word, I sharn't forget in no 'urry. But wot I mean to say, I got a pretty soovener from them trenches."

[Continued overleaf.]



With



AT ONE OF THE

Some of the Canadian battalions on their bands with them, and in the a regimental inspection. The mus alike at parades and inspections, an winter pause in activity on a large the first year of the war that many

With the Canadians on the Western front.



AT ONE OF THE CAMPS: A BATTALION BAND ON PARADE; A GAS-MASK INSPECTION.

Some of the Canadian battalions on the Western Front have brought their bands with them, and in the upper illustration one is seen at a regimental inspection. The music has been much appreciated, alike at parades and inspections, and for social purposes during the winter pause in activity on a large scale. It was remarked during the first year of the war that many German regiments had brought

their bands into the field, and some of them, indeed, actually played the men into action under fire. The British Army regulations before the war deprecated the taking of bands on campaign, and advocated the employment of handsmen as helpers with the ambulance service. The second illustration shows Canadian soldiers fallen in for a gas-mask inspection.—[Official Photographs.]

[Continued over page 28.]

The waning interest of the company concentrated in flickering manner on Ben. Not very much hope, but still—

"It wasn't really a soovener, as you would call it. Nothing great. I got it from one of the Sessex—oh, 'e was deãd, you see. We was digging the trenches where they 'ad fallen in. Orful sweat, digging like that, you know. An' as



REGULATION ARMY MUSIC IN THE FIELD: THE MASSED BANDS OF TWO CANADIAN BATTALIONS ON PARADE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

we dug my spade 'it a foot. 'Ullo, I ses, 'ere's a foot. I shouldn't be surprised if someone 'ad bin an' got buried when this part of the trench fell in.' We dug away fer a hour, and I was right. Someone 'ad been buried when the trench was blown in. I expects a big rum-jar come erlong an' blew the whole thing in, and the feller on the fire-step 'adn't 'ad time to nip clear. Enny'ow, there 'e was, buried. 'E was crool bashed about . . ."

"Don't tell us about that, Ben," said Ben's mother. "We don't want no 'orrors. We've got enough at 'ome, wot with this coal business, and all that."

"Well, 'e was badly bashed about. All we could find out about 'im was that 'e was the Sessex. O' course, they buried 'im proper, an' all that, but I wasn't there. I come away just then, you see. But it was queer."

"Wot about the soovener?" insisted an impatient sister.

"I was coming to that," said Ben solemnly. "We went through 'is pockets, o' course, only this was in 'is 'and. Funny to think o' that. 'E must 'ave been looking at it when 'e was buried. It was a pretty little thing. Seeing as 'e would 'ave no more use for it, I thought I might as well 'ave it. So I took it. It was a

pretty little thing. Quaint. A little Chinese sort o' . . ."

"'Ave yer got it on yer, Ben?" demanded another impatient sister.

Ben began to delve in his pockets.

"It's in me pocket. . . . A little Chinese sort o' locket with a sort of secret spring to it . . . it must be in me other pocket . . . I couldn't

find the spring until I got into the leaf train. But I found it. When you pressed the spring the thing opened, and there was a lock o' 'air in the inside. An' some writing. The writing said, 'Your Flo, for ever.'"

The thin girl stood up.

"Flo!" she shrilled.

"Yes, Flo. . . . Oh, it's in me cardigan pocket, I remember."

"Flo!" shrilled the thin girl again. They all stared at the thin girl. She was, it seemed, both red and pale.

She was breathing desperately. The company was thrilled. It was conscious that Ben had brought tragedy.

"'Ere it is," said Ben, unnoticing. "Funny, ain't it?—an' rather pretty, I calls it."

"Flo!" gasped the thin girl again, in a strangled voice.

Ben looked up slowly. At last he connected up. "Cripes!" he cried. "This is your locket, eh? Cripes!"



ON PARADE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A CANADIAN BATTALION.

Official Photograph.

"It's mine!" choked the girl, snatching the locket. "It's mine!"

"Then that feller—I say, I'm sorry . . ."

"The beast—the under'and 'ound! Flo! No wonder 'e didn't write! Flo . . .!"

The thin girl's name was Emily.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



FRENCH COMMISSARIAT STATION.

In France light wine is much more than it is in this country, as it is cheaper. An allowance of wine forms of the French soldier. Here we see of wine and water to the troops. men in charge of carts on the Marne.

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AN BATTALION.

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s Emily.

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

Water and Wine for the French Army.



FRENCH COMMISSARIAT SCENES: WATER-CARTS ON THE MARNE, AND BARRELS OF WINE AT CETTE.

In France light wine is much more the beverage of the people than it is in this country, as it is produced there, and is, of course, cheaper. An allowance of wine forms part of the ordinary rations of the French soldier. Here we see incidents in the supply both of wine and water to the troops. The upper photograph shows men in charge of carts on the Marne front, bringing water to the

light railways, of which there is a network behind the front for carrying up supplies and munitions. In the lower photograph is seen an imposing array of wine "in the wood," destined for the French troops, lying on the quays at Cette, on the Gulf of Lions. Wine is imported thither from Spain for mixing with French brands.—[French Official Photographs.]

On the Balkan Western front—in Monastir.



DURING THE ALLIED OCCUPATION: MARKS OF THE LAST BULGAR BOMBARDMENT; A STREET.

If for some time comparatively little has appeared in the papers of the doings of the Allied forces on the Monastir front, that silence has been mainly, if not entirely, due to the compulsory inactivity that the severity of the winter weather has enforced practically all along the Balkan front. In a roadless country hemmed in by mountain ranges, the passes across which are blocked with snow, military move-

ments in winter are a standstill. Meanwhile, the recaptured capital, Monastir, has remained in the Allies' occupation, and its fugitive inhabitants have returned. Marks of the bombardment which the Bulgarian rear-guard inflicted are seen in the upper illustration. In the lower is seen one of the smaller streets sacked by the Bulgarians before their evacuation.—[French Official Photographs.]

On the



NOW IN SAFETY WITHIN

Monasteries—mostly small—belonging of the Greek Church abound all over particular are they numerous in the region itself, which takes its Turkish name from on high ground and overlooking the themselves gave the city the name of

tir.



BOMBARDMENT; A STREET.

Meanwhile, the recaptured capital, occupation, and its fugitive of the bombardment which the in the upper illustration. In streets sacked by the Bulgarians at Photographs.]



On the Balkan Western front—near Monastir.



NOW IN SAFETY WITHIN THE ALLIED LINES: AT A MONASTERY WRECKED BY THE BULGARIANS.

Monasteries—mostly small—belonging to certain religious orders of the Greek Church abound all over Western Macedonia. In particular are they numerous in the region of the city of Monastir itself, which takes its Turkish name from a very large one standing on high ground and overlooking the neighbourhood. The Turks themselves gave the city the name of Monastir; to the Serbians it

is known as Bitolj—the "Dwelling Place." The Turks, during their long occupation of Macedonia, showed tolerance to the religious communities, who fared during the German-Bulgarian occupation of last year far worse than in the centuries when the Crescent flag flew over Macedonia and the citadel of Monastir. The monastery seen is now within the Allied lines.—[French Official Photograph.]

france's Mediterranean Submarine Service.



IN TOULON DOCKYARD: SUBMARINES AT MOORINGS AWAITING ORDERS; GOING INTO DOCK.

As the principal dockyard of France in the Mediterranean, Toulon serves as the headquarters of the large fleet, or flotilla, of submarines, which are continuously on cruising service in that quarter, and also further afield. There are, of course, other French submarine-bases and stations in the Mediterranean as well, which are proving useful in the war, organised and completely equipped for

the submarine service; but Toulon is the main station, and possesses every facility for docking and repairing underwater craft as an integral part of the arsenal and dockyard establishment. The upper illustration shows a number of French submarines lying at their moorings. The second illustration shows a French submarine proceeding into an inner "basin" for overhaul.—[French Official Photos.]

The U.S. Am



IN PARIS: DOCUMENTS ARRIVING

Mr. Gerard, the former American Ambassador with the Staff of the Embassy, having, after obtaining the passports demanded from the left Berlin without special incident. The passport was issued in Switzerland. After a brief rest there en route, he proceeded to Paris, whence he is proceeding

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GOING INTO DOCK.

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The U.S. Ambassador to Germany Returning Home.



IN PARIS: DOCUMENTS ARRIVING AT THE EMBASSY; MR. GERARD AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Mr. Gerard, the former American Ambassador to Germany, together with the Staff of the Embassy, having, after some apparent delay, obtained the passports demanded from the German Government, left Berlin without special incident. The party took the train for Switzerland. After a brief rest there *en route*, Mr. Gerard proceeded to Paris, whence he is proceeding to a seaport on the

Atlantic to take ship for America. In the upper illustration, packages of Embassy documents are seen being taken from a taxi at the American Embassy in Paris. In the lower illustration, Mr. Gerard is seen on arrival at the railway station in Paris. Mr. Sharp, the American Ambassador to France, is shown, as well as leading Americans in Paris.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

"WHEN wives get together they converse freely," said Sir John Jellicoe, speaking at a meeting held at the Mansion House a week or two ago. Talking has usually been accounted an essentially feminine vice. Nobody was ever rude enough to say so, perhaps, but slightly to alter the poet's words, "Woman for words" and "Man for action" probably represents pretty accurately the view held by a good many people till the war came to scatter theories and bring us face to face with facts. But though no one is any longer surprised at the woman who does things feminine, human nature still appreciates the luxury of a "good talk" as a relief to overburdened feelings and a stimulus to fresh effort and increased cheerfulness.

That deeds, not words, count in war is something that everyone now knows. On the other hand, the value of the "word in season," whether sympathetic, instructive, or merely frivolous, is something which this war has very clearly emphasised, and it was the realisation of this fact that led to the opening of the various "Women's War Clubs," "Tipperary Rooms," "Women's Patriotic Clubs," and kindred institutions, which are a popular and prominent feature of women's war-work to-day. They are dotted about all over the country, and the object of their existence is to enable the wives of soldiers and sailors to enjoy some sort of rest and recreation for a few hours each day, and, incidentally, to forget, if possible, for a time their loneliness, and to give them an opportunity of reading the war news and writing abroad. More than that, they help to bring together those women who have common anxieties and losses, and by arranging various classes for their mem-



FROM REVELLING TO THE RED CROSS: THE TRANSFORMATION OF A PARIS PLEASURE-RESORT.

The war has brought about many remarkable changes, notably in Paris, where, for instance, the well-known centre of light-hearted gaiety, the Alcazar d'Été, is now being used by the American Red Cross Society, in connection with the beneficent work which they are doing for the French wounded.—[Photo. by C.N.]

bers, serve a really useful national purpose. Like all new movements, the "War Clubs" came in for a certain amount of hostile criticism when the idea of founding them was first mooted. One heard a good deal of the folly of setting up recreation-rooms that would merely take women out of their homes—where they ought to be usefully employed in cooking and in looking after the children—and give them opportunities for wasting time in idle gossip. As for the women themselves, they, too, were a little doubtful of friendly overtures made by people who had never before shown the slightest interest in their welfare. But they soon made the discovery that sympathy, not patronage, was the motive underlying the new departure, and the clubs, by helping to sweep away class distinctions, have brought, to quote Lord Derby, "into the lives of many a

perception with regard to the lives of others which had never entered into their purview before."

Recreation, however, is not the sole object for which the clubs were formed. By means of classes and lectures the members are educated in household and other practical ways, so that their homes and children may be properly cared for in the absence of their men-folk, and that

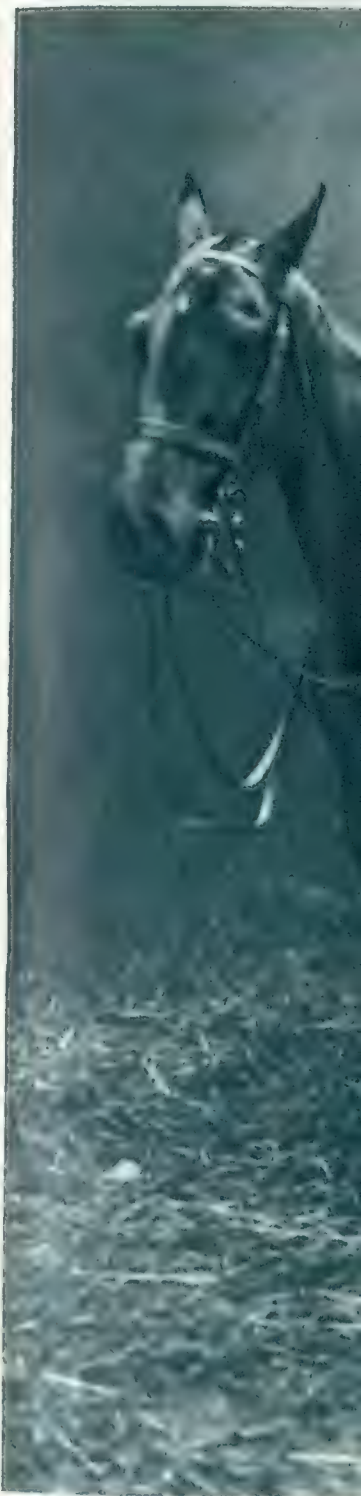
money may be saved instead of being spent in unnecessary ways. Many of them have flourishing thrift clubs, boot clubs, coal clubs, and clothing clubs, and quite an appreciable sum saved by the wives of soldiers and sailors, went to swell the greatest War Loan ever known.

Cookery is another subject in which instruction is given, and now that the importance of economy in food is being daily and hourly impressed upon us, the classes make for national thrift as well as domestic bliss. Other courses

[Continued overleaf.]



A famous N



THE DAUGHTER OF "JOHN

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[Continued overleaf.]

A famous Novelist's Daughter Tends Army Horses.



THE DAUGHTER OF "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" IN CHARGE OF ARMY HORSES: MISS STANNARD.

There is something not altogether inapt in the fact that Miss Stannard, daughter of the writer of that inimitable story, "Booties' Baby," the late Mrs. Arthur Stannard, should be devoting her time to an unusual branch of war-work for women. The Army authorities are purchasing horses in large numbers, and such of them as are out of condition are billeted out to be made fit for their

arduous work. Our photograph shows Miss Stannard saddling one of her charges before taking it out to exercise. She has a number of horses under her care, and gives up the whole of her time to them, often working more than twelve hours a day. Like her late mother, Miss Stannard has a genius for hard work, and a humanity and tact invaluable in her task.—[Photo. by C.N.]

arranged include home nursing, and dress-making; and, in order to encourage the work, a shield, to be competed for by the various clubs, has been given by the Women's United Services League, an organisation the object of which is to co-ordinate and register all work done by war clubs throughout the Kingdom.

Indirectly, too, the clubs are fulfilling a national work, and one that has quite a direct bearing on the war. Speaking at a meeting in support of the Women's United Services League the other day, the First Sea Lord laid rather special emphasis on the wider aspects of the work done by women's war clubs.

At first sight there seems very little connection between an organisation in some poorer suburb of greater London, and one of his Majesty's Dreadnoughts keeping watch on the sea. But the link is there all the same. Many of the men serving with the Fleet have been separated from their wives and families for two and a-half years, and it is an immense relief to them to know that those near and dear to them are being looked after in their absence, relieves them of anxiety and leaves them free

appreciation the men fighting abroad feel for the clubs, there is told the story of a wounded Tommy who, immediately on arrival in London, went straight to the institution of which his wife was a member, to express his own gratitude to all concerned for the kindness shown her,



COMFORT FOR WOMEN-WORKERS: IN THE T.O.T. STAFF-WOMEN'S CLUB—THE RECREATION-ROOM.

Both the inmates and the room itself seen in our photograph afford convincing evidence of the comfort of the new T.O.T. Staff-Women's Club, established for the workers by the Underground Railway group at Earl's Court Station.

Photograph by Topical.



COMFORT FOR WOMEN-WORKERS: THE T.O.T. STAFF-WOMEN'S CLUB.

A new luncheon and social club for the women staff of the Underground Railway group has been opened by Sir Albert Stanley. It is entered from Earl's Court Station, and can supply two hundred meals daily, being fitted with the latest electrically equipped apparatus. There are rest and club rooms, a library, and every comfort. Our photograph shows the electrically equipped kitchen.

Photograph by Topical.

to devote their minds to the work that lies before them. The soldier benefits in just the same way; and as an instance of the

and the thanks of others of his fellow-fighters. No one would dispute the value of the work done by the clubs during the war, and, indeed, the results of the workings of these institutions during the first year of their existence have proved their utility up to the hilt. The idea now is that the work so well begun in war-time should be carried on when peace is restored once more. To ensure that the work shall be carried on on a sound basis, and that clubs may be started and maintained under the best conditions, is one of the reasons why the Women's United Services League, with Lady Jellicoe and Lady French as presidents, was formed.

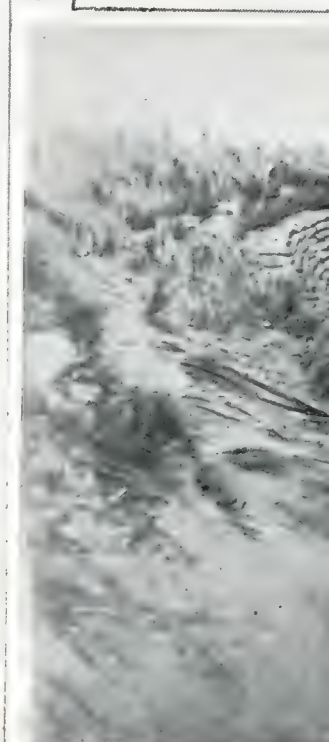
The second was to ensure the provision of funds and gifts in kind, lecturers, and helpers, to those clubs unable to start or carry on without assistance, and funds are being asked for to enable the work to be put on a financially sound basis. Sym-

pathisers with these objects should write to the Secretary, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, S.W.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.



On the



CLOSE TO THE

in the upper illustration, a heavy-g in the Belgian lines in West Flande "somewhere" not far from the sea sand-dune ridges amidst which the bl As seen, the gun is well screened well below the surface-level of the su

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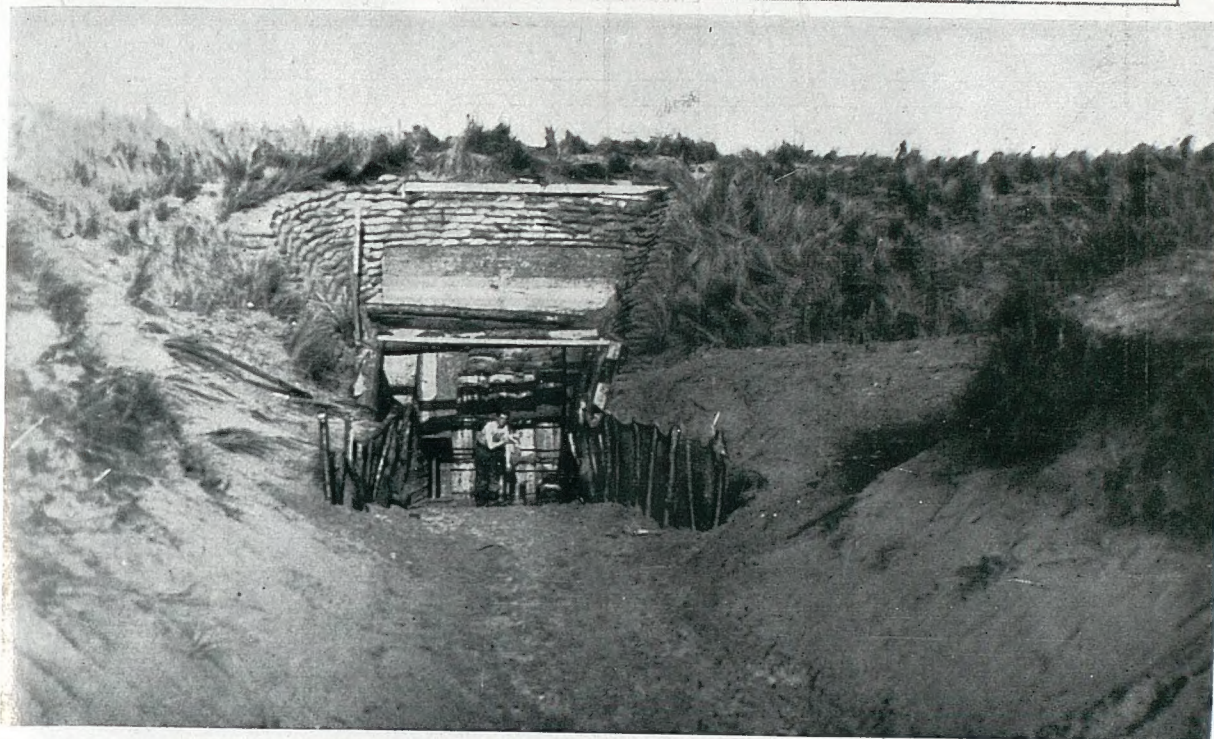
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On the Western front: With Belgians and French.



CLOSE TO THE ENEMY: A BIG GUN IN ITS DUG-OUT; WATCHING THE LINE.

... in the upper illustration, a heavy-gun position at a certain point
... in the Belgian lines in West Flanders is shown, the locality being
... "somewhere" not far from the sea coast, as is indicated by the
... sand-dune ridges amidst which the big-gun's dug-out is constructed.
... As seen, the gun is well screened for direct view in front, also
... well below the surface-level of the surrounding terrain. At the same

... time, it is adequately shielded against overhead attack from bomb-
... dropping aeroplanes, by means of several rows of protective sand-
... bags, laid over stout horizontal beams. In the lower illustration
... is seen a railway watching post on one of the main lines on the
... Somme front. The men are employed both on guard duty and
... as train-signallers.—[French Official Photographs.]

Women War-Workers in a South Downs County.



IN A HAMPSHIRE CHALK-QUARRY: CLIMBING DOWN TO WORK; "PICKING" THE SOLID CHALK.

As stiff and trying a species of out-of-doors war-work, probably, as any that women are taking up, to relieve the national needs of the hour in regard to men for military service, is the sort of toil of which we give illustrations on this and another page. Quarrying of any kind is certainly one of the last forms of manual labour that one would expect women to undertake. The upper illus-

tration shows a woman worker in Hampshire, engaged in a chalk quarry in the neighbourhood of Winchester, clambering down the ladder by which access to the quarry is gained, to join others seen already below. The way in which the chalk is excavated, by means of a pick, is shown in the lower illustration.—[Photos. Illustrations Bureau.]

Women



IN A HAMPSHIRE CHALK-QUARRY

The Hampshire quarry-women—doing—have discarded skirts and work trousers, and wearing heavy Stout-soled quarry-boots have to Down Chalk districts, where quarrying is particularly trying. The

County.



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Women War-Workers in a South Downs County.



IN A HAMPSHIRE CHALK-QUARRY: LOADING A TRUCK; SHOVING THE DEAD WEIGHT ALONG.

The Hampshire quarry-women—as, indeed, they could hardly avoid doing—have discarded skirts and petticoats while at work. They work trousered, and wearing heavy boots as the quarrymen did. Stout-soled quarry-boots have to be worn by workers in the South Down Chalk districts, where quarries and chalk-pits are, in winter time, particularly trying. The fatigue of working in the sticky

chalk-mud of wet weather is severe. These two illustrations show something of the muscular strain and toil that quarrying work entails. In the upper illustration, a truck is shown being loaded by women. In the lower illustration, two workers are shoving by main force one of the heavy, lumbering vehicles along the quarry tram-line rails.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.]



On the Western front: Trench-Digging by Machinery.

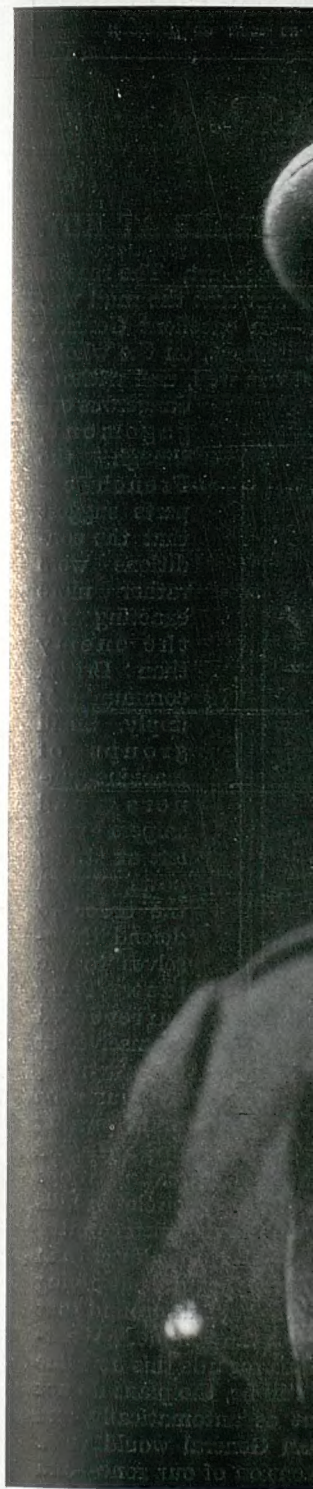


MAKING A FRENCH TRENCH: THE EXCAVATOR CLEARING A DEEP SECTION; A NEAR VIEW.

A trench mechanical excavator for war purposes, designed for digging or scooping out lines of battlefield shelter-trenches, was originally invented and adopted by the Germans some years before the war. It was at first secretly experimented with. Then, on the fact of its existence and details becoming known to Russia and France, its capabilities were shown openly by the Germans and made use of at their

field-manoevres. The machine shown in this pair of photographs has been considerably improved by the French, who are here seen using it. Designed originally for cutting shallow shelter-trenches, a foot or eighteen inches deep, of the universal pattern in vogue before the war, the present-day machine is used in making the several-feet-deep type of trench.—[French Official Photographs.]

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HIS LATEST PORTRAIT: